To Lamb Esq.

April 18
1935

Look what came this morning!
Tear it up, & even if you're
not the Miss Dickinson who was
so kind to the lady at St
Johns when she was a
new girl (& the last
written to say on the
contrary you're entirely different)
don't altogether forget your
old attached Sp: (to whom
you were very kind when
she was an in sufferable
hobbledehoy.) We're just off

motoring to Rome to meet Nena who's
there educating her daughter to go on
the stage (she's a lovely creature)
& as we go through Germany,
& as Leonard's name is so
long & hooked, we rather suspect
that we shall be stopped
alive; but of not. I hope
some day we may meet
again. How are you?

V.

Leonard wishes to be remembered to you.

NYPL

Jany 3
1936

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Wednesday

My Violet

But why were you so foolish as to buy a copy of that book? I would gladly have given it to you, & left that I've lent my copy which I could never get through. Poor Miss Hotby, who died immediately after the effort, wrote a much more readable, though wildly inaccurate book, which I have lost for. W— only my vanity were flattered! But Everybody writes books about everybody Else. All the same, I would give £100 in gold to have your book. That must get a nib between the

NYPL

ribs, if you merely set down a few
plain facts. 22 Hyde Park Gate for instance.
Why don't you?

We are both alive & Leonard
holding a meeting to protest against
something at this moment in the next
room: & as they will talk so loud, I
Cant write sense. Nellie
Cecil came here the other day when
I thought extremely nice of her; &
we pretty well fixed it that it was your
fault I saw in a garden 2 years ago,
when I was too shy to come up.
But shy & silent as I am, I remain
devoted, grateful, humble &
eternally yr JP.

21st April 1936

Monks House
Rodmell Lewes.

My Violet,

I'm ashamed not to have answered your letter, which was very welcome, before, but it came just as I took to my bed with a violent headache, & I'm only now putting my head out of the blankets, beginning to look round. This was the result of a racket - what with politics, letters, Hogarth Press life in London is very agitated - before Easter: however, though it still lowers & the wind is like a scythe, I'm now to battle in the country I never want to hear it.

It's odd you should mention Sybil Colefax. She came here the other day, & I couldn't see that she was any different as a widow: but this no doubt is to her credit. Only I don't feel at my ease with people who take their deaths & husbands so heroically. They say it's the good result of training in society - stoicism. Why, in Heaven's name, did you burn your

memoir of the Stephen family? I find that now
we're grey & old Nessa & I never meet but we
crouch over the fire & tell old stories. Your
view would have been fascinating – George, Gerald,
Father – Hyde Park Gate. Can't you re-write it & lend
it me? If you will, you shall have a photograph.
(Vera one just come, from an American paper – for Lr,
I'm turning black; save for a white patch on top,
& look rather like a Sarawak Kd. But the time for
photographs is over) Holiday I daily saw 2 or 3
fishermen – a nice sunburnt woman, but feather pates)
thought. I couldn't help laughing to think what a story
she could have told had she known the true Kipnich.
Gerald I saw, for the first time there 20 years. The other
day. I think he did well in his wife. but he took it
keeping that Lethargic alligator in being must be
heroic. He had been ill... I rather think as you say he
has the same affection for the bottle that George had for
roast duck & spinach. But this is very uncharitable – also
duck & I do jointed; but then Leonard has turned on the
wireless to listen to the Budget speech, & tells me
there's another 3 on the income tax. I repair to
sit in politics – for one thing I can't grasp them; only
am always being warned that the end of civilization is
just about to come. I hope we begin with escape –
over Sweden here wont. So write your memoirs
as a little defence against the flood. & forgive
this stammering but affectionate Scrawl

Love from both V.

Mrs Woolf

Fontresse,
Calais
R.d.g R.
France -

My Violet

How we are sitting in the sun in
Venegard miles from frieze &
loved Thank God.

But it was very nice of
you to make your last way in
my direction; & I cleared
& I send our love.

Nessa is down the
road in her new villa, painting
hard, & I shall take the liberty of
sending her love. Angelica. Clive,
Duncan & Julian too. Julian
is 6 ft. two & very charming.

Yr VW.

Monks Wane
Redmell
Leave.

6th Oct 1936

My Violet,

What a treat — to get a letter from you. Unexpected, unsolicited. I was thinking of you, & even saying aloud that Bowyer Nichols had been in love with you, & wondering if he were alive or dead. Then was a cracked crazy letter — from Bob Nichols: & so I watched for your Bowyer was in love with you, & if he is alive: a dead. So Bob tells, sit down this instant, write your memoirs.

Last summer I was walking in the churchyard behind your home, & wondering which was

your window: the one in the drawingroom where we sat.
Batty Dugdale, whom I've been skipping,
certainly ought to be annotated by you.
served up by Leonard; but when I showed
him the book, he gave one sniff & returned it
his apple trees. It's a bumper crop this year,
& even I have been standing in the middle of a
pea, with the fog beside me. NYPL I've been
having a holiday from novel writing, &
ah writing, to cure all those infernal
headaches, which kept coming back the moment
I tried to correct a proof: now we're going
back to London very vigorous; but there
doesn't seem much point in work, with
the whole world gone crazy. Yes,
Feltham was a shock; & the ponies
did nobly; & there was a deer killed
outside the house. Weren't you there?, with
Theodore Ll. Davies, who fell off his horse!
Oh dear how long ago all is, & Sattin's
famous cup of coffee! Love from a bolt
VW